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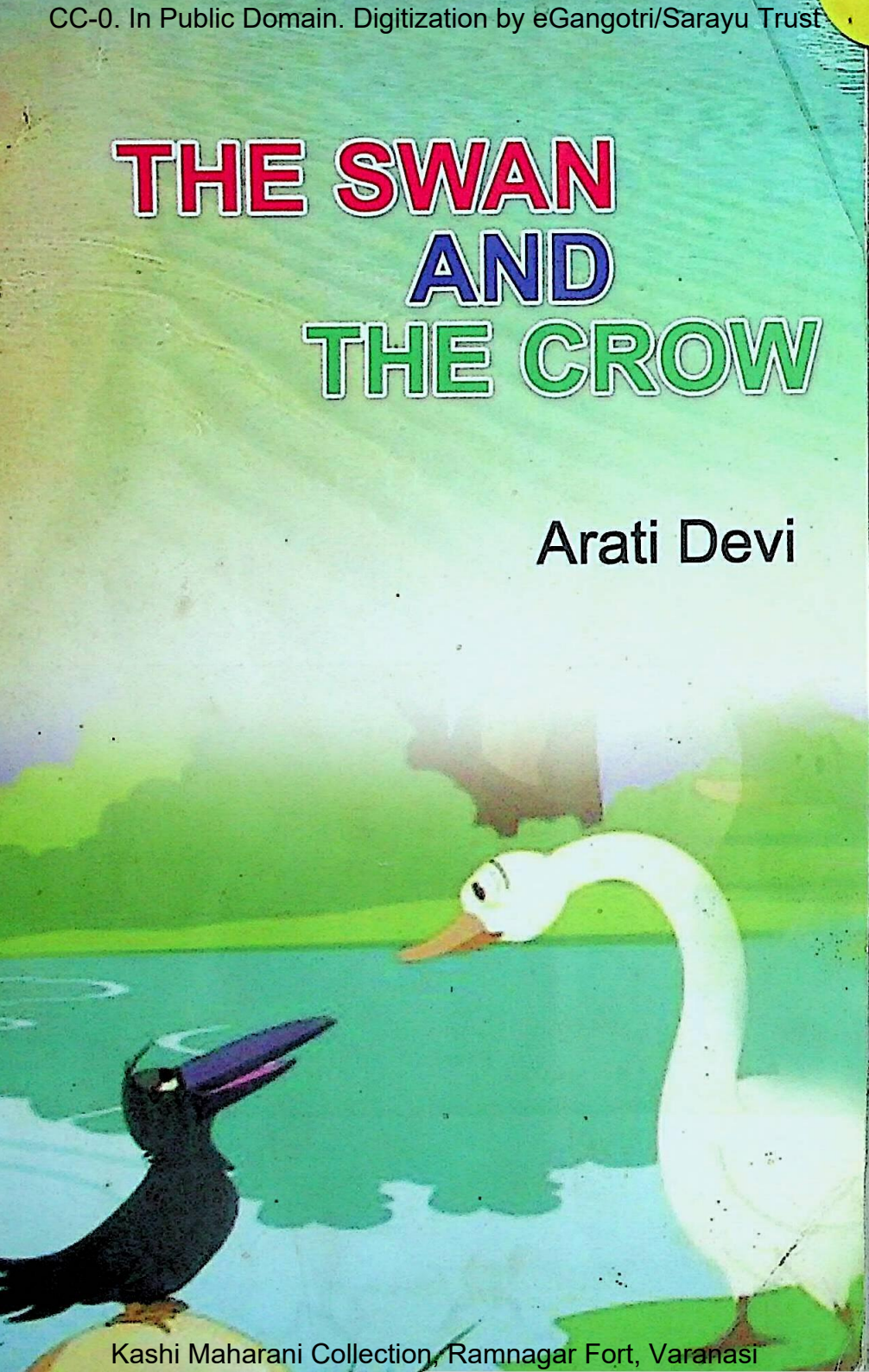
THE SWAN AND THE CROW

Arati Devi



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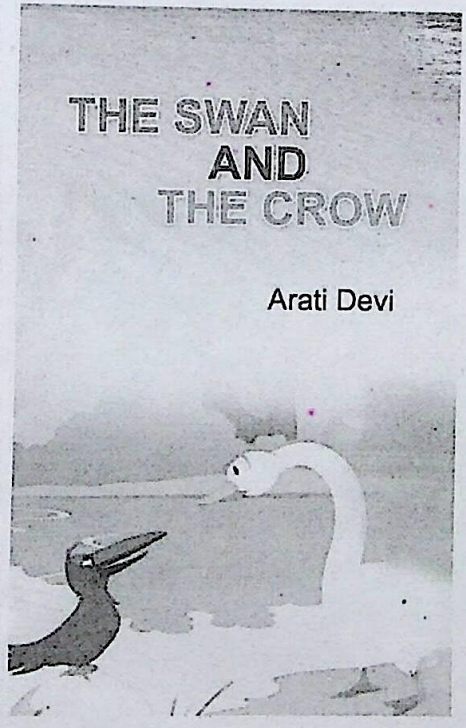
माननीयाय राजकुमाय श्रीमते
कृष्णप्रियाय समर्प्यते इदं
पुस्तकम् -
धरणी दुगेल
१४/०७/१८

THE SWAN AND THE CROW

(A collection of short stories)



Arati Devi
Class - IX
Shankardeva Shishu Niketan,
Gamiri, Biswanath, Assam.

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"THE SWAN AND THE CROW" A collection of short stories translated from various languages into English by Sri Arati Devi, a student of Class Nine of Shankardeva Shishu Niketan, Gamiri, Biswanath, Assam & Published by Dr. Dharani Dhungel on behalf of Assam Nepali Sahitya Sabha, Gamiri Sakha, Gameri, Biswanath, Assam.

(c) Author's

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MANGALACHARANA
(BENEDICTION)

TVAMEVA MATA CHA PITA TVAMEVA
TVAMEVA BANDHUSCHA SAKHA TVAMEVA
TVAMEVA VIDYA DRAVINAM TVAMEVA
TVAMEVA SARVAM MAMA DEVA DEVA

You are the mother and also the father
You are the friend and also the fellow
You are the knowledge and also the wealth
You are everything O my God! among all Gods.

Samarpan

This book is dedicated to
my beloved grandfather **Late Nandalal Shastri**
who introduced me my surroundings in my early childhood
&
Grandmother **Late Hemalata Devi**
who told me noble stories
from
sacred books which influenced me to read and write like these.

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Udayanarayan Gautam
M.A., B. Ed
Winner of Academic Gold Medal,
Winner of K.K. Handique Prize,
Winner of Departmental Prize
(Pol. Science),
Retd. A.HM, Gameri High School.

President
Assam Nepali Sahitya Sabha
(Biswanath Jila Samiti)
&Surabhi Sahitya Samaj
(M.C. D. Sakha, Assam Sahitya Sabha)
Life member of Assam Sahitya Sabha, Assam Vijnan Samiti, & Assam Nepali Natya Sammelan.

Foreward

Miss Arati Devi being the first daughter of Dr. Dharani Dhungel and Mrs. Pratima Devi of Gamiri, Biswanath, Assam is very punctilious in searching and treasuring knowledge since her very childhood. She has been showing her excellence in study as well as its application in her day to day life. The influence of her father Dr. Dharani Dhungel seems to have been paramount in her life. Though she is now reading in class IX, she translated some short stories from Sanskrit and Hindi to Assamese two years ago, were able to accumulate the young readers in no time. Indeed, she continued writing keeping her institutional study intact which is really a commendable one. Her latest work **The swan and the crow** is also a collection of various delicious ethical stories found in Sanskrit and Hindi. I would like to appreciate her for the recent publication and hope it will also be able to attract the mind of young readers and inspiration of the academician. No doubt, I expect Miss Arati Devi will be able to be a prominant writer in near future having various qualities of world wide thinkers.

I wish her success in life.

Udayanarayan Gautam

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Sri Arati Devi is a sincere and studious student of class nine of shankardeva Shishu Niketan, Gamiri. Her father Dr. Dharani Dhungel is a renowned Sanskrit Scholar of this area. Under his guidence she red a lots of story books in different languages. Among them she selected ten stories and translated into Assamese and published under the banner of Assam Nepali Sahitya Sabha, Gamiri Sakha in 2016. The name of the story book was 'Gasar Dalat Kaliza Aru Anyanya Galpa'. After the publication of this she got courage and love from the readers. That is why, she translated these stories into English in simple language as far practicable to make the reading intelligible. This year also she is going to publish this book under the same organization. Assam Nepali Sahitya Sabha, Gamiri Sakha accepted her request and performed needful for the purpose.

I hope, her endeavour is really praiseworthy and the reader will accept her valuable story book lovely.

Yours Faithfully,

Romnath Sarmah,
President
Assam Nepali Sahitya Sabha,
Gamiri Sakha,
Gameri, Biswanath, Assam.

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Blessings from the Pradhanacharya

(Principal)

Sahitya Sangeeta Kala Bihina
Sakshat Pashu Puchha Vishanahinah
Trinam Na Khadannapi Jivamanah
Tadbhagadheyam Paramam Pashunam.

People, without having knowledge of literature, music & art are like beasts. That is their luck that they are living without taking straw. Literature is the reflection of life. Keeping this moral in mind little master Arati Devi, a student of Class Nine of Shankardeva Sishu Niketan, Gamiri, Biswanath, Assam has shown the profiency by colleting various stories of various languages and translating into English. It is really praiseworthy & a matter of pride for me.

I am glade to know that she wants to publish these stories in the shape of a book which will be her second one, will be published very shortly is indeed a great news for me being a Principal of an institution in which she is persuing her study.

She has accomplished so much of a tender age through her dedication, determination, hard work and skill. Apart from her academic practice her enthusiasm and talent of writing, translating stories has made us all proud. I applaud her good efforts. I really feel dignified to have such a talended student like her with varsatile qualities. Such innovative approach will certainly pave her way to became a good author fatching name and fame in future. Keeping up the good work. I wish and trust her book to be seen as the best sellers list.

So hearty congratulations and all the best wishes for her future endeavours and she may always acquire success by blessings and best wishes.

We always there upon you.

With best regards
Narayan Acharya
Pradhanachary,
Shankardev Shishu Niketan,
Gamiri, Biswanath, Assam

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Author's Note

I am a girl of thierteen, reading in class IX. I had affection of stories from my early childhood. Whenever I was a student of class three, my father provided me various books on stories and fables in various languages like Assamese, Hindi & Nepali. When I started to read the stories, I completed the whole book. I think every child has such attraction for stories. Keeping it in my mind I had translated one or two stories into Assamese which was published in the **'Phulani'** column of **'Sofura'** Megazine. Two years ago I published my first book on stories **Gasar Dalat Kaliza** in the year 2016. After that I translated these stories into English. Being a student of Assamese medium school, it is a critical task for me but I had completed it by the grace of god. I forwarded my work daily one or two paragraph of a story and had completed the whole in a year. My previous work on Assamese increased my determination towards my goal and I have comlpeted this book within a year.

In this adventure I would like to acknowledge my father Dr. Dharani Dhungel who inspired me for this work, Sjt. Udayanarayan Gautam who has corrected all my mistakes in English. Again I would like to acknowledge respected Sjt. Romnath Sharma, the President alongwith Secretary and other dignified members of Assam Nepali Sahitya Sabha, Gamiri Sakha who have taken the liability to publish this book. I will remember Raju Gautam sir for his inspiration. Again I would like to acknowledge Sjt. Narayan Acharya, Pradhanacharya of Shankardeva Shishu Niketan, Gamiri who inspired me to do such noble work.

To err is human. There may be many errors in this book too.But I hope that the respected readers will forgive me for this and inspire me to go forward. With regards.

Arati Devi
Student of class IX
Shankardeva Shishu Niketan, Gamiri
Biswanath, Assam.

Barsha Pratipada. **2075**
18th of March, 2018 A.D.

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(1) The Swan and the Crow

Once upon a time, there was a huge Pipal tree standing on the bank of the river Yamuna. A crow and a swan lived there. But they were opposite natured from one another. The swan was truthful and straightforward. But instead of this, the crow was very wicked.

One day, in the afternoon, a thirsty and hungry hunter reached there. He put his bow and arrow by his side and fell in a deep sleep getting the breezy air beneath the tree. The sun rays were falling at the face of the sleeping hunter. When the swan saw him, she pitied at him. She thought that the hunter was very tired and he needed rest. May be the sun rays disturbing his sleep. So she shook out her feathers widely whereby the rays of the sun were not fallen in the face of the hunter. On the other hand when the crow

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saw the noble deed of the swan she became jealous. She discharged her stool at the face of the hunter. He was awaken from sleep when the stool of the crow fell at his face and he became angry. The crow left the tree after discharging her stool but the swan stayed there. She had no need to flee away being afraid of the hunter. Because her behavior to the hunter was very good and she tried to provide him a comfortable sleep.

When the hunter saw above the tree angrily, he saw that the swan, was sitting at the branch of the tree. He thought, "Certainly this is the swan, which discharged on my face."So he took his bow, fitted on arrow and threw it to the swan. The arrow hit on the chest of the swan and she fell from the tree and died.

Source: *The story is taken from the book '**Bachchon ki kahaniyan**' which is published by the Prakash Publication, Delhi -31, Collected by –Rajib Kumar.*

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(2) Obey the elders

Once upon a time, there was a thick jungle. There was a hill near the jungle by which a stream flews. There were many animals living there and the jungle was also rich with different types of plants and herbs. In a den of the hill, a couple of tigers lived peacefully with their two little children Pratap and Sampat. The tiger couple loved their children very much.

When the children came outside of the cave with their parents, all other animals ran away being afraid of them. But the tiger and the tigress didn't take their children with them regularly. Because it was dangerous for them. They went in search of food in the jungle leaving out their children in the den.

The tiger and the tigress always advised their children not to go out alone. But Pratap didn't like this. One day, when their parents

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went out for searching food, Prataap said to Sampat, "I am very thirsty, Let's go to the stream so that I can slake my thirst. There, we can go for travel or walk and also we can frighten the deer which is very funny. But Sampat said, "We should obey the elders. Father always says not to go out alone. And he strongly opposed about going near the stream. We should wait for some time. When either father or mother would come, we can drink water going with them."

Pratap said, "But Sampat I can't wait anymore, I'm thirsty. Oh, now I can understand why you are hesitating to go with me. If you are afraid of other animals, there is nothing to fear. Rather all other animals are afraid of us."

But Sampat didn't agree to go with Pratap. He said, "I shall obey my parents. It is very dangerous to go out without elders. Pratap said, "You are very coward. Alright,

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if you don't want to go, I will not force you. I shall go to enjoy even then." Saying this he came outside of the den and went to the stream. He drank water to the fullest and wandered hither and thither in search of deer.

On that day, some hunters came to the jungle for hunting. When they saw the little tiger cub walking alone, They thaught they would be able to catch the tiger cub and sold it in a zoo; they would get a lot of money. Thinking this, they blockaded the cub from all around hidden and suddenly attacked on the cub together. They covered it with a blanket.

The helpless cub! what can he do now? As yet he didn't grow up so big that he could prevent them. The hunters tied it girdling in a blanket so tightly that even it couldn't sway or roar.

The greedy pitiless hunters sold the cub in a zoo. There he was kept in cage. He

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became very sad. He remembered his parents' advice and came to grief. Again and again he roared and tried to come out from the cage.

If the tiger cub saw any little child he would often roar and jump. If anybody could understand his language, then he might say to him, "We should always listen to our parents and elders. If we don't listen to our parents and disrespect them, we will fall in distress. I am also locked here due to disregard to elders' advice.

Source: *The story is taken from the book* ***'Chokhi kahaniyan'*** *which is published by the Gitapress Gorakhpur, U.P. (India)*

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(3) The Dog's Tail

Once upon a time, there was a woodcutter in a village .He lived in an old hut. He lived by cutting wood near a forest. Actually, he was a lazy, inactive and idle person. He always thinks, 'If a ghost or fiend is overpowered by me, I can fulfil all my desires. He will obey my all orders and I can enjoy luxurious life."

There was a magician lived in the same village and his house was at the next of the woodcutter's house. One day, the woodcutter went to him and said, 'I am your neighbour. I heard that you have overpowered many ghosts. You have fulfiled all your desires by them and they obey your every order. If I can get your obligation, I can do my works

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immediately. Kindly give me a ghost who is skillful in work."

The magician said, "I shall give you a ghost, but he can't stay without doing work. If you don't appoint him in a work, he can eat even you." The woodcutter said happily," Don't worry! I shall always keep him busy in work."

Hearing this, the magician gave him a ghost. He went home with the ghost.

After reaching home the ghost said "Sir! How can I serve you? Then the woodcutter said, Change my hut into a palace." Instantly the hut changed into a palace. Then he ordered the ghost to clean the forest in front of his palace. After some time, the ghost came to him cutting the forest. After that the woodcutter asked him to make a new city

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there and he could become the king of the city.

After that, he desired of a world tour. The ghost took him for world tour.

All desires of the woodcutter were fulfilled. When the ghost asked him "What to do now?" he was in a dilemma and started praying to the God being afraid of death. Just then he saw a dog standing near him.

He said to the ghost to straighten the tail of the dog. The ghost tried hard to straighten the tail; but he failed. The ghost tried more and gave up. But his master woodcutter harshly ordered, "Complete the work" To complete his master's order, the ghost is trying to straight the tail till today.

Source: *The story is taken from the book* ***'Chokhi kahaniyan'*** *which is published by the Gitapress, Gorakhpur, U.P. (India)*

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(4) The Story of a Kind Doctor

There was a doctor named Dr. Prabin Desai. He lived in Mumbai. Patients always crowded in his chamber. If anybody called him to his house, he wanted quite a lot of fees. He was very famous. His medicines were very fruitful for patients. Dr. Desai was very kind–hearted. If any poor man called him to his house to see the patient, he would go there in his own car instantly. He gave free medicines and some money for proper food to the patient when it was necessary.

One day, Dr. Prabin said about his early life. He said, "It was that time when my father was here, in Mumbai. I started my practice of medicine Just then. I became a famous doctor very soon. One day, a farmer came to me from a distant village. He said to me, "Sir! My wife is very ill. Only you can save her. Please Sir! Please come with me and help me to save her."

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I said, "I can't go so far. But if you give me twenty rupees, I will save your wife. Give my fees here now and if you bring a car to go, I will go with you."

The farmer was very poor. He fell at my feet and gave me five rupees. He started to weep and said, "I have no more money now. Now please take the money & come to my home. I will bring a car. I will give remaining fifteen rupees after reaping my crop."

I threatened the farmer. I threw away the rupees and said, "I didn't study medical science for beggars as you. If anybody needs treatment from me, he must arrange money and should come here. I have no time to talk to such a poor man."

The farmer entreated and said weeping, "Sir! I will borrow money from any one of the villagers and pay to you. Please Sir! Come soon otherwise my wife will die; my

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little children will be orphans. My family will be ruined."

Hearing this I was annoyed and said to the farmer, "Oh my God. Go to hell, your family. First arrange money and then I will go to your home."

My Father was noticing up this from the first floor. He called me. When I entered his room he slapped me on my right cheek. The slap was so powerful that I became senseless.

Father said, "I had never thought that as a doctor, you will make such a wicked behaviour to the poor man and scold him very badly."

Get out from my home now and return all the rupees which I spent on your study and nourishing. Otherwise at once you have to go with this person to his house in your own car. If you want rupees for medicines

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from him I will burn your chamber. I stood calmly and saluted him. Then my father became normal and said, "I am very ashamed for your inhumane behaviour. Today if your own wife got ill and as you are very poor you approached a doctor for help without money and at that time the doctor refused you to help, how much would it hurt you! So, we should always treat others like we want to be treated by them. If you serve and help the poor you will surely get the blessings from them and can live peacefully."

The one side of my face was swelled. I obeyed my father's advice and calmly went to the farmer's house in my car and treated his wife without taking any fee.

After narrating this, the doctor said, "If any poor patient comes to me then I remember the anger of my father. At that time my hand immediately goes to my cheek and I remember the advice of my father. I

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am very lucky that I got such a father who taught me a lesson of humanity by which I became popular in society.

Source: *The story has been taken from the book* ***Chokhi Kahaniya****, Published from the Gitapress, Gorakhpur.*

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(5) Indra's dress

Once upon a time, there was a king. He was very naive. One day, a clever man came to meet him. The man said to the king, "Your majesty, you are the king of such a big country. But you wear very simple dress produced in your own country. It is a great shame to you. Only Indra's dress is suitable for you." Listening to these words the king surprised and asked, "What? the Indra's dress? Are you joking with me? The man replied, "No, no, your majesty! I am not joking with you. I am telling you really. If you want to wear the dress of Indra then I can bring the dress. The king said, "Okay, Bring the dress, I will wear these". Then the man said, "Your majesty! I need an amount of one Lac rupees in advance. Remaining balance amount I will receive from you later. If you can give me money then I can bring

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the Indra's dress." The king agreed with the man and gave him one Lac rupees.

On the next day, the man brought a nice box and placed before the royal assembly. He said, "Look, your majesty! This is the dress of Indra. This dress is not seen by every man. Who was born from he actual father and mother, he can only see this dress? But if someone is illegitimate child he will be unable to see the dress". Saying these words, he started acting of bringing out the Indra's dress and said "This crown is so beautiful! This dhoti is so beautiful!" All the men of the assembly also agreed with the man and said "Yes, yes, really so beautiful!" Actually no one could see the dress. When the dress wasn't there, how could they see the dress? But nobody could speak against the man. Because if anyone would speak against him then other men would think that he was not the child of actual father & mother. Thus, all the men of the assembly affirmed with the

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man. For the same reason the king also stayed silent. Now the man started to wear Indra's dress to the king. "Peel off that Dhoti and put on this Dhoti. Put on this Kurta." The man said. Consequently the king became naked as he was born in childhood and went to show his dress to his Queen in that condition. After looking the king the Queen said to him, "Your Majesty! Have you lost your intellect? Why do you peel off your clothes?" Listening to these words the king said, "You are not the child of actual father and mother. Therefore you can't see the Indra's dress." Then the Queen said to the king, "Your Majesty! You only put on the Indra's dress, but please, you wear the Dhoti produced in your own country."

Source *- This story is taken from the book* ***"Prerak Kahaniyan"*** *published by Gitapress Gorakhpur.*

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(6) The clever merchant

Once upon a time, there was a merchant in Rajasthan He was very clever. One day, he was coming to Delhi loading Soil of Multan on the back of bulls. On the way, many bags of the soil were sold. Though, the bags of the other side remained full, the bulls couldn't hold up the bags. The load was only at one side. When the servant said their master, "What to do?" he said, "What is here to think about?" Fill up the empty bags with sand. Look my brother; it is the land of Rajasthan. Here we get more than enough quantity of sand". The servants did as their master ordered them to do. They put sand at the one side and the soil of Multan at another side.

A gentleman from Delhi was passing by the way. Looking the burden of sand loading on the back of the bulls, he said. "Why was the sand put at the one side? The servant said that to each of the sides equal

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the sand put." Then the man said. "Are you going to be mad? Why are you doing such a foolish work? And your master is also foolish as you. Why are you carrying overload on the back of the bull and making them weak? Instead of that, if you bind the remaining bags on the other bulls then can go easily without any load.

The servant said, "It seemed that you're right. But we can do only that which our master orders us to do. We must obey our master. If you can tell this to our master and if he is ready to do this and also if he orders us for this, we can do as you say." Then the man met the merchant and said about his idea. The merchant said to him, "Where do you live? Where are you going ?". He said "My name is Mr. Rajat Tiwari. I live in Bhiwani. I went to Delhi to earn livelihood. But after some days, I became ill. All the money, which I earned, has been finished. My business also went in loss. Lossing all

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my hope I am coming back to my home." Hearing this the merchant said to his servants, "I can't agree with him. We should go as we were going at first. Though it seemes that he is right but it can't be so fruitful. If he was right then why he couldn't progress in his business? So we should follow our own idea because it is more fruitful than that of his. I have never failed in my business."

The merchant reached Delhi in the afternoon. There he bought some land and gathered the soil and the sand separately. He said to his servants to take away the bulls in forest and bind them where they could get straw, grass water etc easily. If we buy food for them, how can we get profit? Gradually the soil of Multan was sold.

At that time the Mughals ruled over India. The Mughal emperor (Badshah) of Delhi became ill. The physicians said, "The emperor will get well soon if he stays at the

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sand of Rajasthan. Because the sand has the power to heal the diseases of body. So, we should send away the emperor to Rajasthan."

One of the courtier said, "Why should we send away him to Rajasthan? On the contrary we can bring the sand here."

"Good idea, then we should send camels there."

"Why should we send camels there? Because we get the sand here, in Delhi."

"How can we get the sand here?"

"Sir, don't forget that it is the most famous market of Delhi. All things that we need, we can get here. I saw a mass of sand at a place."

"Is it? Then we should bring the sand as soon as we can. Only then, we can save our king."

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Hearing this, the courtier sends his servants to bring the sand. When the servants went to the merchant and said, "What is the price of the sand? He replied that both the soil and the sand have same prices. Because both of them have the equal weight when they are carried on bull. The servants bought all the sand. If the merchant followed the gentleman's advice that day how could he earn the money? So it proves that the merchant was right.

From the story, we learn that we shouldn't believe immediately on other's advice but we should have self confidence.

Source: *The story is taken from the book* ***'Prerak kahaniyan'*** *which is published by the Gitapress, Gorakhpur, U.P.(India)*

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(7) Heart in the tree

Once upon a time, there was a monkey named Subuddhi who lived on the bank of the river Ganga with her wife. He had a friend named Mandabuddhi who was a crocodile. They were intimate friends. The monkey rode on the back of the crocodile in water and instead of that the monkey gave some tasty fruits to the crocodile. He ate these fruits with his wife happily. Sometimes, Mandabuddhi came with his wife to visit his friends home. Then they all played on water. They went to the other bank of the river. Subuddhi brings fruits and eats them with his friendss.

Thus, the two friends spent their life happily. One day Mandabuddhi's wife said to him, "The monkey always eats tasty fruits. By virtue of them his heart also must be very

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tasty. I wish, I could eat his heart I would be immortal. Please bring his heart to me."

Mandabuddhi said- "He is our friend. So, please don't talk selfishly. I will tell him to bring many tasty fruits to you." But his wife said to him- "I am clearly telling you that whether your friend will die or I shall suicide in hunger strike. Therefore you decide yourself, whether your own wife is important or the cheat monkey.

Mandabuddhi told his wife with entreaty to change her decision, but she didn't want listening to any word. At last the crocodile failed and went to the mango tree where the monkey lived. He asked the monkey to ride on water with him. Subuddhi merrily agreed to his proposal and went with the crocodile. When Mandabuddhi reached in the deepest and midest part of the river, he told Subuddhi – 'Dear friend! I am very sorry to say that today is the last day of your

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life. You can ride on water until you want to do.' Subuddhi said, "why are you talking like this? Have you any problem?" Then the crocodile said- 'My wife hankers after eating to your heart. Otherwise she will die in hunger. Please pardon me, my friend, I am helpless on this matter.' The monkey said – "I haven't any fear of death on this. Why didn't tell me about this? You are really Mandabuddhi(Slow minded). Actually our heart is very soft. Therefore, we tie our heart safely on the branch of tree. You carry me away again near the mango-tree and take my heart from there. To produce another heart I will take the medicine named Amrita. By virtue of that, another heart will be created in my body soon. So, there will be no loss in my body."

Hearing this, the crocodile became happy and gladly carried away the monkey to the mango tree. Reaching there, the monkey immediately came down from the

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back of Mandabuddhi and told him – "Hey foolish! you are not only slow- minded (mandabuddhi) but also dead minded (Jadabuddhi). Is there any foolish as you! Who don't know even where the heart is located in the body. You only eat the Amrita medicine with your wife. Traitor one! Leave the place very soon!

***Source**: The story is taken from the Sanskrit magazine for children **Bala Chandrika**(Vol. -1, Issue -1) which is published by the Delhi Sanskrit Academy, Delhi.*

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(8)The greedy king

There is a country named Unan in Europe. Once upon a time, there was a king named Midash who ruled over Unan. King Midash was very greedy. In this world, he loved gold only except his daughter. So much so that when he was sleeping at night, a dream of collecting gold was dreamt by him.

One day, king Midash was counting gold coins and pieces of gold, sitting at his treasury. In the mean time an Angel came there and said to the king, "King Midash! You are a very rich person".

Midash replied to the Angel shaking his head, "How much am I rich? I have the least quantity of gold"

The Angel said, "What? Aren't you satisfied by so much gold? How much gold do you need?

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Midash said, "I wish that which thing I touch by my hand that must be golden instantly.

The Angel smiled first and said, "Good. From the next morning all things will turn to gold whom you touch by your hand."

That night, king Midash had no sleep. He got up from bed early in the morning and touched a chair. The chair became golden at once. He touched a table, the table also became golden. Looking this, king Midash became very happy and was dancing joyfully. He ran as a mad man and went to his garden to make all the trees, leaves, branches golden. All the things were transformed to gold and were shining as gold.

As a result of running, King Midash was tired. He didn't know even that his clothes were also changed to gold for which they became very heavy. He became thirsty and hungry. Returning from the garden, Midash

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sat on a golden chair. A servant served food and water to him. But when he touched the food to eat and water to drink, all became golden. There were golden bread, golden rice and golden vegetables in front of him and he was thirsty and hungry. Because he couldn't eat the golden rice and vegetables to satisfy his hunger and couldn't drink to satisfy his thirst.

Midash cried. At the mean time, his daughter came to him. She sat on his lap and rubbed his tears. Midash embraced his daughter. But alas! there was no daughter. Instead of his daughter, there was a heavy golden idol in the shape of his daughter whom he couldn't hold on his own lap also. "Alas! My girl" saying this helpless Midash cried loudly. The angel felt pity for Midash and he again manifested himself there. Looking him Midash started praying on his feet and said, "Sir! Please remove your boon." The angel said, "What happened

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Midash? Don't you need gold now? Tell me, a glass of water is more precious than a piece of gold? Is a piece of gold more precious than a piece of bread?

Midash said to the angel in earnest supplication, "Sir! I don't need gold. I understand that man doesn't need gold. Human can live without gold, but they must need a glass of water and a piece of bread. Without these things man can't survive in this world. I give up the greed of gold from now.

The angel gave little water in a bowl and said "Scatter this water on all the things". Midash scattered the water on his daughter, the table, the chair, the dish of food, the glass of water and on the trees. All these changed into their form.

Source : *The story is taken from the book* ***Upayogi Kahaniyan,*** *Published by Gita press, Gorakhpur, U.P. (India)*

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(9)The returning of mercy

There is an Asian country named Japan to the east of India. A shepherd named Ivan lived there with his old widow mother. One day, when grazing cattles, a crane fell near his feet. Ivan took it up in his hands. Probably it was injured by an eagle. The stains of blood are scattering on the white, clean wings of the crane. The stains of blood were scattering from the wound on its clean white wings. Perhaps the poor crane was thirsty. So, it was opening and closing his mouth repeatedly.

Ivan patted the crane affectionately. He took her near to a stream and washed her blood-stained wings and dropped little water in her mouth. She got some energy from this. After some time, she flew back.

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After a few days, a beautiful young lady came to Ivan's house and made a request before his mother that she want to marry with her son, Ivan. After that request, Ivan married her.

Ivan became very happy. His wife was very good. She served her husband and mother-in-law very carefully. She did herself all the household cooks. She did her duties perfectly. She never needed any help in her work.

Unfortunately, that year there was drought in their village. Due to deficiency of water, Ivan had no crops in his farm. So he went to Tokyo with his mother and wife looking for job. But he didn't get any job immediately. Gradually all the money which he had were finished. They had to stay

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without food for several days. One day his wife said to him, "I have a solution of this. I know how to weave muslin. I will make the muslin from which we can earn some money. But allow nobody to enter my room when I am making the muslin."

Ivan didn't understand what his wife was saying. He didn't know how his wife weaves the muslin. But he was very naïve. He had complete faith in his wife. His wife had never told a lie and he had no money at that time. If they could earn money in some way, they could manage household expenditure. Thinking that, Ivan agreed his wife's proposal. When his wife didn't need anything from him then there couldn't be any problem on her proposal. Ivan said to her mother, "Don't disturb her when she is weaving muslin and don't enter her room.

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After a few days, the muslin was prepared. It was as white as milk and some small red dots on it, which were shining as silk. The cloth was very soft and looking wonderful. When Ivan took it to sell, king Micado liked it and bought the cloth at once. Ivan got lot of gold coins in return. Thus, Ivan became a rich man. His wife weaves the muslin and he took it for sell.

One day, Ivan thought, "My wife never demands any fiber or colour. How could she weave muslin?

Ivan went calmly to the window to see how his wife made the muslin. At that time his wife shut the door of the room. Ivan saw that his wife wasn't there; in the room a white crane was sitting and making muslin. She pulls out a thin fiber from her wing and

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weaves the muslin by her claws. There was a wound on her throat from which she sprinkled blood on the muslin and whereby created the red dots. Ivan understood that his wife was none other than the crane whom he had saved one month ago. She was returning the obligation of Ivan being a woman.

Ivan was surprised thinking that a small crane could give such redemption of service for his kindness. He became emotional and tears fell down from his cheeks. He stayed stupefied where he was standing. He forgot that his wife didn't allow to see or enter her room when she was weaving the muslin. He even forgot why he was standing there. At that moment, Ivan's mother called him. Ivan said, "Yes, coming." The crane startled and flew away.

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From this story we learn that one who feels pity for other surely get blessed some day.

Source : *The story is taken from the book* ***Chokhi Kahaniyan,*** *Published by Gita press, Gorakhpur, U.P. (India)*

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(10) The Foolish hunter

Once upon a time, there was a forest where a bird lived in a small tree. One day, the bird was fallen in a hunter's net. She struggled to come out from the net, for a long time, but she was unable to release herself from there. Her condition was very pathetic for fear.

The hunter reached there and saw her caught in the net. Then, he collected some dry leaves, fire woods etc. from the forest to cook her.

Till then, the bird kept herself under control. When the hunter came forward to cook the bird, she told, 'As a great hunter you should not kill a small bird like me. Please mercy me and let me go out. I will never forget your kindness."

But the hunter did not mind her words. The bird again told him, 'What will you gain

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from my killing? And, I am so tiny that your stomach will not be filled by my flesh.'

The hunter did not mind her words and remained silent. The bird said again, 'If you let me go out, then I will tell you three sentences, which will be profitable for you.'

The hunter was impressed by these words and replied, - 'If you fly out without saying me anything, then……,

Then she said, - 'No, no, please trust me, I will not cheat you. The first word I will tell you lying on your hand. The second word I will tell you sitting on a wall and the third one I will tell you sitting on a branch of a tree. If you obey my words, you will be a rich man very soon.'

Now the greedy hunter agreed to release her. The bird sat on the hunter's hand and said - 'Never believe in any impossible words'. After saying these words she sat on

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a wall and said 'Never be greedy for the thing which has gone from your own hand.' Thereafter, she flew and sat on a branch of a tree.

After some time, she again said, 'Before telling you the third one, I will tell you a mysterious thing about me. That is, I have half kilogram of diamond in my stomach. For the greed of being rich, you have done a foolish work. If you killed me, you would get the half K.G. diamond, and you would be a rich man, really'

The hunter thought for a while. Then he said, 'Oh, tiny bird! You are so beautiful and pretty. Please, come with me to my home. I will keep you at a golden cage and will give you many sweets.'

Then the bird said, 'Oh, hunter! You are not only greedy but also a foolish one. You have forgotten my words very soon. I told you never to be greedy for the thing

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which has gone from your own hand. Before that I had told you that never believe in impossible words. Foolish hunter! When my weight of whole body is only hundred grams, how can it be possible to contain half K.G. of diamond in my stomach?'

The hunter realized his mistake. He told the bird with entreaty, 'Dear tiny bird! Please forgive me, for this time. I will not make such a mistake in future. Now, you tell me the third one.' The bird said- 'While you are not interested in my first two words, then how can I believe, you will listen my third word. At first, the speaker should think whether the listener is interested in his words or not'. After saying that, the bird flew out and the hunter returned to his home with sadness.

***Source**: The story is taken from the book **'Bachchon ki kahaniyan'** which is published by the Prakash Publication, Delhi -31, Collected by –Rajib Kumar.*

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PUBLISHED BOOKS :

1. **GASAR DALAT KALIZA ARU ANNYANYA GOLPA (Assamese) - 2016**
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